1:Campbell E-5 (1954-1955)1964
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Zagori

585 to make the bridal procession the spectacular occasion it must
612 appear if their prestige is to be maintained in the community.
[192] They give this support by their numbers, their own bearing, and the quality of their horses and the coloured woollen saddle-cloths which are draped over the backs of the animals. For whenever the procession passes through or close to a village both Sarakatsani and villagers line the path, to enjoy the spectacle with critical eyes, and to exchange greetings with the
[522] riders. The watchers laugh excitedly and try to draw the riders into an exchange of bawdy quips and jokes, but the horsemen must remain unmoved with upright backs and proud serious faces.

Earlier on the same Sunday morning before the bridal procession sets out on its journey, the bridegroom is prepared for
[302] his ordeal. Seated on a chair outside the door of his hut he is attended by a kinsman with the necessary skill, who cuts his hair, shaves his beard, and trims the moustache. This, like the sewing of the standard, is a part of customary wedding ritual.
[533] The kinsmen gather about the groom and accompanied by the gipsy band sing about the shaving of the bridegroom. From time to time the singing is interrupted by heated debate between the watching kinsmen and the barber as to the style of the hair cutting, the angle of the moustache, and the effectiveness of the shaving. For they fear the appraisal of strangers on the road and the malicious hopes of the bride's kinsmen that the bridegroom will in some way look ridiculous.

585 After the barber has completed his task, two or three of
605 the more senior first cousins with a reputation for worldly
292 knowledge go into the hut to supervise the changing of the bridegroom's clothes (ν'ἀλλάξουν τὸ γαμπρό). The Sarakatsani
[178] have abandoned the traditional kilt and today the prosaic costume of a bridegroom consists of a white shirt buttoned to the neck without a tie, and a blue suit of manufactured cloth.
[754] The cousins help their young kinsman to put on these clothes to
[933] which he is not accustomed and they make certain that he does not change his underclothes; for with these an envious man or woman might affect the sexual potency of the groom by sorcery. As a prophylactic against the same peril they place some steel
585 object in the folds of the shirt tails before he puts it on. As he is
605 dressed, almost like a child, they feed him with various pieces

had pocketed our tickets, we watched him work his perilous way along the duckboard of the corridorless train like a cat burglar. A large open cattle car was hitched to the rear of the train. A sound of raucous singing was carried along the line, and a blue flag whirled overhead on a long pole. The conductor, settling in our carriage for a chat on his return journey, confirmed what we had surmised. "Yes, it's a Sarakatsán bridegroom on his way to a wedding up at Sikarayia. They've been drinking for days." When we pulled up at the next wayside halt, the whole party leaped, shouting and singing, to the platform, the banner aswirl, and bore down on a small group waiting under an acacia tree. The white-clad groom and his cronies returned a few moments later, carrying the bride, who was attired in a stiff black and white costume of angular and Aztec strangeness, by her elbows. She sailed along the platform with the passivity of a sacred image being transported from shrine to shrine. As the shaft of the standard-bearer's banner careered past, I saw that it was topped by a pomegranate, and the same fertility symbol was affixed to the top and the two arms of a beribboned wooden cross. When they were all aboard, the groom's party fired their guns into the sky, and singing and intermittent firing accompanied the rest of the journey.

"*Paraxenoi anthropoi*," vouchsafed the conductor, after clicking his tongue censoriously a dozen times. "Odd people —" They did seem a contrast to the lofty Victorian stateliness of our carriage. He told us that the groom was the son of a great *tsellingas* — the head of a clan, as it were, of Sarakatsán shepherds — in fact, an *architsellingas*, called Kosta Zogas, who wintered at Sikarayia and pastured his sheep in the Rhodope Mountains in summer, not far from the flocks of the bride's father, another *architsellingas*, called Vrysas, who wintered near Souphli, along the banks of the Hebrus. "You'd think," he went on, "when you see them in their rush hovels and their old capes, that they were poor. Not a bit of it! They've got pots of money. Literally pots. They fill up pitchers with gold sovereigns, and bury them — no one knows how many — whole fortunes in the ground."

SIKARAYIA turned out to be a village of beautifully thatched Sarakatsán huts. Giant beehives swelled and tapered in tiers of cropped reed which overlapped with the precision of the plating on armadilloes' backs, and all of them were topped by wooden crosses near holes in the thatch through which thin blue smoke curled. Black-clad Sara-

Sikaváyia Village

585 Black-clad Sarakatsáns crowded below the nuptial car, the bride was hoisted to earth, and in a hubbub of shouts and greetings and a rattle of musketry, the whole mob headed for the little white church. The train, letting off an answering whistle and an obbligato of steam, swayed away down the valley.

585 346 Inside the church two rows of columns sustained the white barrel vault of the basilica. A gilt iconostasis blazed, and overhead hung a great candelabrum formed by double-headed brass Byzantine eagles joining their wing tips in a ring, and from the center an ostrich egg was suspended.

[223] The noise and the heat in the church were considerable, and thonged wooden flasks full of warm red wine circulated freely among the congregation.

585 301 ● 292

585 [293] [292] [302] [142] The chanting of the priest — a fine figure in a white dalmatic and a wide blue and silver stole, with hair which uncoiled to his waist — soared heroically and effortlessly above this hubbub. All the faces were scorched, many were aquiline with blue eyes, and the hair of several nomads was bleached by the sun to a flaxen fairness. Apart from the priest, the only other grave faces were

585 292 [202] those of the bridal couple. The bride's withdrawn expression, her downcast eyes under her flowered headdress and a small blue cross which was strangely penciled or painted on her brow, never changed. The groom was dressed in a gold-embroidered red velvet waistcoat, a silk sash with the blue and white Greek colors, white jutting

585 292 fustanella and tights, and, disappointingly, pointed black towny shoes. His face, rather a commonplace one for a Sarakatsán, was a mask of confused virile seriousness. In only one thing did his [531] outfit differ from the full-dress Greek mountain costume: black woolen armlets, embroidered with specifically Sarakatsán geometric zigzags, encased his forearms below the wide white sleeves which ended at his elbow.

585 Despite the chaos in the church, the marriage service evolved unperturbed. The two enormous ribboned candles were held by minute shepherd boys, like the lances of heraldic supporters, on either side of a little altar in the body of the nave. The *koumbaros* switched the flimsy white flower crowns from head to head in a succession of intricate passes and arranged and rearranged their hands and bound them with ribbon and performed yet more complex manipulations with the ring, and followed them in kissing the bossy silver binding of the proffered missal. Finally he accompanied them, hand in hand, led by the priest under a fusillade of flung rice and sweets, in a slow and dignified dance thrice around the altar. This is a kind of hieratic pavane, which more than any other moment in the solemnization (for the wine that the priest offers to the bridal couple is no more than a commemoration of the wedding at Cana of Galilee) hallows and confirms the sacrament.

Out in the sunlight, all was levity, flourished banners, and gunfire again. We made our way through the wigwams to the house which the groom's father, striking modern roots in his winter pastures, had recently built. As the newly wed couple reached the threshold, someone handed the groom a sieve, which he threw over his shoulder, a measure which is said to forfend marital discord. They both kissed the hand of the groom's father and laid it to their foreheads for a second and [123] vanished indoors. My new friend of yesterday, [576] Barba Petro, introduced us to this pastoral dynast, who welcomed us with the same graceful inclination, with his hand laid on his breast, and led us in. [352] There were already plenty of guests there, both on the low divan which ran around the room and cross-legged on the mats which padded the floor; [539] and at each new arrival, while black-swathed aunts and grandmothers offered the newcomers saucers with a spoonful of jam, a glass of water, and a thimbleful of raki, they intoned a welcoming song: "Mother, our friends have come," they sang, "our bidden guests. Bid them welcome with [516] honey and sugar and with golden words." Some sat with hands linked around their doubled-up

S 585 a few of them white, some gray or a dark russet, but most of them black — the colors, indeed, of 583 the flocks from which they had been shorn — and S many of them of a matted and shaggy texture, like [513] rolled-up smoke. Scratchy blankets with angular patterns were piled in tall heaps, and pillows that S looked as hard as granite, and the bride's black 585 and white trousseau. In the center of the end wall, with bowed head and lowered eyelids and with her brown hands crossed over her midriff, the bride stood motionless. On either side of her on the floor sat her retinue of wild but subdued-looking girls. At our conventional wishes, "*Kaloriziki!*" S [574] ("May the marriage be well rooted!"), she inclined her head a few inches but uttered never a syllable. Nor, beyond a stiff bow, did she or her lips move a fraction when other latecomers arrived and hobnobbed with Uncle Petro and us as indifferently as if the figures at the other end of the room were effigies in an ethnological mu- S seum. Their extraordinary out- [292] fits, nearly identical except for the flowers and the gold coins that adorned the bride, were unlike anything I had seen before.

G 292 In those Greek villages where the women wear their regional costumes on feast days and for ceremonies — and there are still a large, though diminishing, number — and in some out-of-the-way spots where a simpler working version of this gala rig is worn on weekdays as well, one is astonished by the richness and variety and grace: by voluminous skirts, expanding from tight waists, of Damascus brocade or Broussa velvet; by the soft and tilted mulberry-colored fezzes with long satin tassels, or gold-embroidered velvet pillboxes, or intricately arranged silk kerchiefs; even, in one part of Macedonia, by a headdress topped by a semicircular plume, like the helmet of Pallas Athene. There are satin-covered buttons, chased silver clasps, and oriental filigree from Yanina, and over the velvet boleros and the tight sleeves — or sleeves which may hang slashed and loose from the elbow like the petals of tulips — rivers of gold braid uncoil and ramify in flowing, oriental, baroque, and rococo flourishes as richly and elaborately G [184] as over an archbishop's cope. In the wilder mountains the costumes are stiffer and rougher, but the basic canon is a dazzling variety of color and material and a style that is fluid, feminine, and ooo deeply romantic. The visions summoned up by

[text continues on p. 79-C]

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[p.79-B]

Byron's Haidée and the Maid of Athens are, in fact, pretty near the mark.

All was different here. Not only was there no silk, satin, velvet, or gold braid from the West and the Levant, but hardly a stitch which came from anywhere but the backs of their flocks and their prehistoric-looking looms, and complex though the costume was, there was not a single foliating curve or circle or ellipse, nothing swaying or branching or interweaving or flowering. The only rounded things were the chains of necklaces, the gold Napoleons, Turkish sequins, and gold talers that hung around the bride's neck. Another latter-day curvilinear afterthought to the angular whole, and one which was common to both the bride and her retinue, was a wide white goffered or crocheted circular collar like a flattened, hidalgo's ruff, ending at the shoulder in scallops. The complex headdress of flowers and stiff muslin and the veil which hung down the bride's back had the extraneous and charming air of votive adornments attached to a processional statue on a Calabrian or Andalusian feast day. From a rosette over each of her ears a long cluster of ribbons hung; they framed her face like the pendants on the diadem of the Empress Theodora at Ravenna.

But, apart from these festival trimmings, all was made up of stern black and white lines and angles, and so broad and solid seeming were the black white-banded pleats that if any of the girls made a movement, her heavy and unwieldy clothes moved as unpliantly as armor. The aprons, which reached their knees, were as stiff as stoles or heralds' tabards, their tunics were as rigid as dalmatics, and nothing bore any relationship to conventional ideas of the human shape. The costumes were related to the curvature and the jointing of the human body as arbitrarily as are the plates of a metal fish to its prototype, the sections of a toy wooden snake, or the laminations of a samurai's armor. Their forearms and legs were encased in geometrically patterned armlets and greaves, and the bride's wrists were aclank with heavy bracelets, and all, strangely and touchingly, were shod in stout flat-heeled walking shoes. (Their mothers would have worn pomponned *tsarouchia*.) It was hard to determine, therefore, why these clothes appeared so beautiful. They exerted, it finally dawned on us, the peculiar captivation of

585 ancient Greek vases of the geometric period, for
292 every design was made up of straight lines and
531 triangles, with here and there an inchoate beginning of those patterns of white crosses on a black ground, and black on white, that cover the vestments of frescoed prelates on the wall of a narthex. All was angular: triangles mounting in pyramids or shooting diagonally in zigzags and sawteeth and staircases with, very seldom, here and there, a small and subtly placed triangle or chevron, among the dominating black and white, of pale ocher, or terra-cotta, or a deadened blue. "Geometric" and "neolithic" were the epithets which began to float to the surface of the mind, bringing with them the excitement of the thought that these clothes and these designs might not have changed for three thousand years or more. One knows that these thoughts must be suppressed until they can be confirmed by research. But such dalliance is always stimulating. It was backed here by the certainty that nothing like these clothes exists in Greece or in the Balkan Peninsula or in Europe.

The bride's face, with the blue cross on her forehead under black hair as coarse and lustrous as a stallion's tail and the stiff linen coif with its load of baubles and flowers, was burned a deep bronze. It had the metallic, wide-browed, heavy-lidded beauty, the slightly sad mouth, the clear line of jaw from chin to ear, and, springing from its flattened ruff and its stomacher of coins, the strong columnar neck which I admired so much, a few years ago, among the Mayas of the Honduranean and Guatemaltecan jungles. Obsidian, chalcedony, and basalt would have been the stones in which to carve those features and that still and melancholy posture. It is a type of looks which has an arresting distinction, a Gauguin-limbed strength at variance with the slender Tanagra delicacy that seems to have left an indelible stamp on Western ideas of grace and style.

585 There was no time for more of these cogitations.
[534] The deep reedy blast of a clarinet sounded under the window; then, after a few twiddles, a violin and the twanging of a lute and a tentative fluttering tinkle of hammers over the wires of a zither. "Ah, the instruments," Uncle Petro said, "at last!"
[533] I asked Petro if the musicians were Sarakatsáns.
[648] He looked at me in surprise. "Sarakatsáns? We only play the flute. They are Gypsies." And so they were, very dark ones, lined up outside under a tree in blue suits, wearing pointed black shoes and ties, the only ties for miles, and looking sleek and urban among these other nomads. There was a crunch of hobnails up the stairs as the

[Men's Apparel]

/99 cont./

Sarakatsani clothing.

291 We shall begin our analysis with a description of Sarakatsani clothing.

(191) Men's apparel: Until a relatively recent period the apparel of the Sarakatsani male was the Greek "foustanella". Figure 77 shows this apparel which, from bottom to top, consists of the following articles:

The "tsarouchia": These pointed shoes made of calfskin, are a kind of very firm mocassin with heavy nailed soles; the vamp, curved front, has a large pompon at the tip. This type of footgear was common to both sexes.

2nd. The Sarakatsani was not familiar with socks and slipped his bare foot into the mocassin. On the other hand, from the ankle to the thighs he wore stockings of white wool which were fastened to the drawers. Black garters worn below the knees completed the /100/ leg adornment. (292) The stockings worn on festival days were knit and their garters ornamented with pompons, while the everyday stockings were cut out of white fleece passed through the "mandani" and were held up with very simple garters.

3rd. Short, cotton drawers were hidden under the "foustanella."

4th. The term "Foustanella" refers to a pleated skirt--a sort of kilt--of white cotton fabric. It was made of a number of isoseles trapezoids with narrow bases, brought together in seams. This permitted considerable fullness of the garment in a multitude of pleats which, moreover, remained unalterable. The "foustanella" was fastened at the hips with hooks.

5th. The chest was protected with an undershirt of the same fabric as the stockings, a fabric that always woven on the loom.

6th. In addition a white shirt of cotton was worn with very wide pleated sleeves.

7th. Two belts made up the indispensable accessories to the male outfit. The first served quite simply to fit the foustanella

3: Kabbadias--119 E-4,5 (no date) 1965 EH14 Sarakatsani EH14

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Women's Apparel

Fig. 84

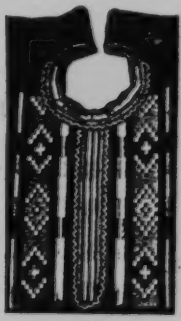

Fig. 86

Fig. 87

Fig. 85

Fig. 88

/Women's Apparel/

/106 cont./

colored precious stones (fig. 84).

This outfit is worn for festivals and weddings.

Of course, the everyday dress, the dress for work, is much simpler, although the principal features are scarcely different from those we have described. The difference is limited chiefly to the relative absence of emboidery, jewelry or the silver buckle (see fig. 89).

Moreover, the work outfit includes a scarf, a shawl made of a rectangular "flokotti," some 1.50 meters long,

Fig. 90

/107/ preferably black which is worn over the shoulders and serves as a cloak enveloping the body (fig. 90, vélentzoula).

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In addition to these descriptions, and in order to consider Sarakatsani apparel from a technological point of view, it is necessary to emphasize that in general the men's as well as the women's clothing is cut and stitched. However, sometimes the sleeves